among the disasters. I fantice the

volume of water roaring on to the Platte river, swelling its tide to wash the shores of

sandy plains and fertile meadow lands, far to the turbulent Missouri, ending at last in a

shining blue sea, the great Gulf of Mexico.
"Shall I carry you, you little thin thing!

"You might slip," I said, so hand in hand

like two children we crossed the slippery land to the ranch two miles away. On a hill

by the creek I saw our wagon flung bottom up, and by the ranch we found our horses

feeding quietly. Luckily Clem's matches— in the silver case I had given him long before

we were married-were dry, and he built up a fire in the fireplace in the log cabin. When

I stood there to dry my clothes I took my

knee and took them in his hand.

easures out of my wet pocket and put them

said Clem.

VILLENELLE.

In the wood walks alone With the sad, dying year, While the winds sob and moan, And the dead leaves are thrown Dry, drifted and sere, In the wood walks slone.

The old days we have known All unstained by a tear; While the winds sob and most Dressed in seeming long gone, Hover living and near,

The great branches groan
Like to mortals in fear,
While the winds sob and mosn; For the months are laid prope In the wood walks alone,
While the winds sob and moan.
—All the Year Round.

A CLOUDBURST.

Clem and I had been married just four years when I made up my mind to leave him. My heart told me I was wrong, but I would not draw back. Two years before we were married, Clem went to Colorado, and all the time he was away wrote me loving letters full of his home in the new country, the glorious climate and scenery, his struggles and his failures. I longed to be with him, the quiet village life grew distasteful, home monotonous and each day so like another that I hated to go to led at night. I dreamed of mountains and plains and, of course, of Clem. At last the time came when ught best to come for me, and we were married one August morning. I remember he was pale and quiet, only a look in his dark eves that I shall never forget. When I was getting ready to run away from him that look

back with a great throb of anguish to my father's house, the trees and flowers and the pretty eastern village. Before me was a wide desert, detted with low huts, so far apart I could not tell even if they were inhabited, and close at hand was a three roomed log cabin. Not a tree, a brook, a bit of green grass, only scorched plains with gay cardinal flowers, or miles of sunflowers quivering in the hot, dry air. The flat distance ended in rugged brown footbills, but Clem said I could see the Bockies on a clear

day.

I laid my pretty gowns aside, donned somber calicoes and a sun bonnet that our hired girl at home had made me for a wedding gift. I had laughed a little at it then, but now it was my greatest comfort. I took up the weary life of routine and labor that falls to the rancher's wife in this land of sand and sunshine. I was not unhappy, for I had Clem. I put my wedding presents around the cabin, giving it a lived in look, but the furniture was very limited, and all my cooking lessons were of no avail, for there was nothing to cook with.

Clem and the man worked all day in the fields harvesting with the wild, young horses that had brought me and my finery from the town fifty miles off, and I stayed alone. There was not even a dog to speak to, though Clem had a collie with the sheep berder mile away. He couldn't understand why I should want a dog to bring in dirt and make me more work, so I never asked again. My hands grew rough and hard in the alkait water, and my face tanned with that deep brown peculiar to Colorado. I could understand what a little western girl had said to me in my eastern home when she cried admiringly: "Why, everybody is so white

Still Clem loved me, he thought me pretty as ever, and our first winter was the happiest in my life. The man was gone and we were all alone. We read alond evenings, drove to the postoffice twenty miles away for our mail, and took long walks over the plains. He promised I should have a saddle in the spring and ride with him, then he would build a porch around the house, and my sister should come out and visit me.

In the spring the horses were needed for plowing, Clem was too busy to go to town for the lumber for the perch, and we were too poor to entertain any one. Yet I never thought of complaining then. I had cast my fate with Clem's, and I worked for his interest. I never once longed for the old easy days at home. If he said, "I've got the he seldom talked or petted me; he was too busy with his farm work.

young German widow who staved with me six months said it was the prettiest boy she ever saw. I thought it looked like Clem, and of course be thought it was my image. Like all young mothers I was easily scared, and I nk I had some cause, for the doctor was fifty miles off. I may have been over anxions, but the first shadow that came between Clem and me was his indifference to my and go about his work, while I carried the all day soothing its fretting. summer I was not strong and may have been, as Clem said, "hystericy."

Clem grew broad shouldered and manly bronzed with ruddy health and life, but I was weakly and drooping, with haggard eyes and hollow cheeks. I saw it plain enough, and I had no ambition to alter my shabby gowns to fit me, nor to look neat. I grew slatternly and careless. Was I to blame! I had to cook for two men, tend a sickly baby, and wash and iron. All day long the sun beat down upon our little home, where the kitchen was like an oven and our bed-room stiffing. I was on my feet from sun up to sun down, for somehow I never learned to get through with work; it was always ahead

Then Clem would say: "You are getting cross, little woman, you seem so spiritless, Are you sorry that you married me! Your life is no harder than any rancher's wife endures, it will only last a short time, then we can get better things and some one to help you." That to me, when I had never complained. He gave all his love words and petting to baby now, and I used to wonder in dumb despair, why it was so. Was it that he had changed or If

The third summer Mrs. France came. Sh was the widow of a cattle king who owned all the land about us but our little home-stead. She had been in Europe, but usually spent her summers at her ranch, ten miles from my home. I was washing that morning on the shady side of the bouse, when I beard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and a handsome woman, with bold, black eyes, came dashing around the house on a fine thoroughbred mare. I noticed her perfectly fitting habit, her exquisite gloves and hat, her beautiful face. No need to introduce herself; from Mrs Bohm's the German widow's d tion-I knew my visitor was Mrs. France thought I'd find somebody," she said,

"He went over on the range to see after his sheep at daylight." I stammered.

where's Clem?"

"Are you his wife?"
"Yes." I was possessed then with a mad jealousy of her, and I wondered if Clemknew her well. He had never said a word. Just then Clem came galloping up.
"Corrigan said you were here," he said

eagerly, "I sent my man on and came back.

Are you well! Of course you are, the pictur She laughed merrily, showing her pretty teeth, while he lifted her off hen horse, and there I stood with my hands in the suds, like

a scrub woman. "This is my wife, Mrs. France," said Clear then he looked actually ashamed of me. I felt it. Luckily, the baby cried, and I ran

"I heard you were married, Clem," I heard

rising in my throat. After an hour Clem out to ask me to cook a nice dinner, for Mrs. France would stay.
"Tidy up a little, Molly," he said, "I want

her to see how pretty you are." I did not answer, and he went back with the baby to show her. I cooked the best dinner I could, and put on the best gown I had, and it was loose and old fashioned and my face was red from the stove, but she sat there cool, dainty and merry enough. Clem could not see it, not being a woman, but I could feel a touch of condescension in her tones and manner. I kept thinking, oh, if I only were in my own home—I paused, was not the log cabin my home!—my father's house, then, where I had pretty gowns, and where I was light hearted, too, and much better bred than this big, bold woman. I thought all manner of silly things, and Clem having gone home with her, I went to bed at dark and pretended to be asleep when he came back.

Mrs. France after this was a frequent vis-

itor, and Clem was often at her ranch; she seldom spoke to me except to say good day, and I barely answered this, Cl uld think you would like to meet say, "I should think you would like to meet a lady, Molly, and have some one to talk to." Pd answer, "I would," but the sarcasm was never understood by his masculine stupidity Baby had not been well for two weeks, and finally Clem promised to take me to town to see the doctor. We got up bright and early, the horses were harnessed, baby dressed and I just putting on my bonnet hat, when Clem ne in and said rather awkwardly:

"Mrs. France has sent for me." "Well?" I answered coolly.

"It's this way, dear," Clem went on hurriedly. "You see she wants my advice about a bunch of cattle. They are here before she expected them. I promised her to come, and I am auxious to be on good terms "So, I see."

He looked at me steadily. "I don't know, or I will not know, what you mean," he said slowly; "but I shall go as I have agreed. It certainly will do the baby no good to go on a fifty mile ride because you think he is sick. I stooped down and took off the baby's bon-

If he dies I shall blame you," I said, and before he could stop me I ran out with the baby in my arms. He waited a moment, then saddled the horses, for our man had already unharnessed them, and rode away. Late in the afternoon the baby began to

cream as he never had before, and I called Oben, our man, a good natured Swede, to help me. He held the child while I tried all the remedies I knew; then, when it was qui-eter, he rode off for Mrs. Bohm. It seemed hours before he brought her back, but the baby had been still all the time and was less worried. She hurried to my side knelt down and looked in the little face. late," she said sadly, "the dear baby's dying." I remember I gave a cry that did not nd like my voice at all, and then I fainted. When I came back to life Clem was beside me, so white and miserable I might have pitied him, but I would not. I turned my

He wanted me to go home that winter, but I would not. I was ashamed to go back, shabby and faded. I had never written a word but that we were prosperous and happy, and I knew besides the season had been bad, the crops poor, and I felt Clem had made a mistake in taking this ranch, which was only fit for cattle. He was very quiet and thoughtful all that winter, sorrowing, I thought, over his failures and wasted work. I was glad Olsen was with us, and yet I think when a wife is glad of a third person it is very sad and deplorable,

June days Mrs. France and a number of city There were gay parties and picnics, where we were invited, but I never went. Clem accepted some of the invitations, though, and was angry that I would not go with him. I had nothing to wear, and he could not understand the difference between his picturesque frontiersman's costume, that suited his bronzed face and broad shoulders and my old faded gowns on an exceedingly plain little person. Then I had no saddle or habit. I used to long then for the old home days, the merry young folks, the pretty dresses and music. Imagine, I had not seen a piano since I was married, and I used to play well. Once in a while I thought of these things, but said nothing. Had love and caresses been given me I would never have

thought this at all. work myself nearly to death for a week; but | picnic she was going to give to celebrate on | breast that awful current; that the treacher that he walked a long ways beside her horse, she stopped a long time looking toward the harnessed to the wagon and was dressed in remember he was nervous and kept looking at me furtively.

"Do dress up and go, Molly," he said, when happy?" I choked then. I was near throwing my-

self into his arms and crying, "Oh, love me as you used to, pet me and kiss me. I am starving for love, my heart is brenking." But, suddenly, I remembered the day before how interested they were.

might spoil your pleasure," I said coldly. He turned and lifted my chin, looking into my eyes. "It can't be possible that you are the wet hair off my face, so silly as to be jealous of Mrs. France," he "I wish I had my coat,

"There is no jealousy where there is no love," I cried botly.

"Poor little slave," he said sadly. "I took you from the happiest home in the world to long torture bring you to this." I was almost at his side "It would then, telling him all my troubles, begging him to begin all over again and we might be happy, when he went on: "And yet they say are patient and enduring, satisfied to accept rainy as well as pleasant days. No girl raised as you were ought to marry a poor

We have made a terrible mistake." "Haven't I done your work well, as well as any farmer's daughter used to this life!" I cried in anger. "Can you not even be fair

"You have done my work too well," he an swered; "it was a useless sacrifice." caught his sombrero from the nail. "Are you

going with mef" "A dowdy in a faded gown and queer hat? No. I keep where I belong. You might be ashamed of me as you were that day Mrs. France saw me washing."

"Just put that silly idea out of your head," he said sternly, "I never could be the mean fellow you think me, and yet you may be right in disliking me. I fancy I never was a lovable man-in fact, I never was much

used to womankind, having neither mother wor sisters. Well, well-Olsen will look after you if I'm not back to night. Good-by." He went out quickly and jumped into the lagon. I watched him out of sight, then I went into the bedroom. I put on a stout dress and shoes, packed a few little things I

cared for, and flung on my sun bonnet. told Olsen I was going over to Mrs. Behm's and might stay all night, and started for her When I thought be could no longer see me I left the path and struck across th country to a trail that led to the public road some miles beyond Mrs. France's ranch Clem often went by this trail nearly to town

when he was on horseback. I kept steadily on, over level land, through cactus and sage brush, then further ahead I went over rolling ground, hill like mounds, and then descended into a vallet - Dry Crock canyon. I did not stop to eat or drink; in fact, there was no water for miles. It was terribly hot, the air close and stifling, and the few scorched willows along the sandy creek bed afforded no shelter at all.

room, and once in a while I would 'teel a sob grants often stopped. 'I began to feel fear now, I remembered I was a woman and alone, but I hoped they would have crossed the canyon and gone over the hills to this place. I kept on, determined not to give up so soon. Once when I looked back timor-ously, frightened by the awful stillness of the canyon, I saw the heavens were dark and

soon dull thunder peals echoed from the hills and a sharp flash of lightning dazzled me for a moment. I knew one of those sudden and terrible thunderstorms peculiar to a mountainous country was upon me. I believe half my unhappiness at the ranch was caused by the fact that I had to stay alone in thunder showers, and the terror they inspired then will never leave me. As the roar grew londer, the lightning more vivid, I began to long for human companionship. I prayed I might find the wagon and a woman inet, and I planned a story to tell the people that would

explain my strange appearance. I ran faster all the while with the energy of despair. The air grew close and murky, the sky over-cast, the clouds low hanging, and a strange, mouning wind swept down the canyon, rustling the scattered willows. A few rain drops pattered on my shoulders, and I wish for my shawl that in my excitement I had forgotten to take. I heard the rattle of wheels, and just ahead as I turned a bend in the creek, I saw a wagon going rapidly down the canyon. The driver-a man-was sitting with bowed head and did not need my franti calls till I was close to him. He reined in no horses and looked back. "Molly!" he cried: In my fright and haste I had recognized

neither team nor driver. I stood and looked at him in miserable dismay, yet I was glad. too, for the thunder storm was very prese and real, and my running away was all in a miscrable future. At least Clem would be with me now, if we never saw each other again. "Where were you going?" he said coldly. A hasty answer rose to my lips, arrested at the instant by the strange expression on Clem's face. He was looking up the canyon; I turned and saw far above a dark like a number of cattle crossing the creek bed. The rain was coming now in great swift sheets, while the thunder reverberated over the far away hills and the lightning

Clem ran to the horses, cut their harness and struck them with the whip. "I'll give the poor beasts a chance," he said, as they galloped across the sand. Then he caught me by the arm. "Run for your life," he cried hoarsely, dragging me along.

Above the roar of the tempest there was

flung its red glare across our white faces.

another sound, steady and coming nearer. A fearful crashing of waters, like Niagara, dropped suddenly down in a quiet landscape. I looked up the creek and saw a dark moving mass with a curious motion no one can de scribe. It had not the smooth fulness and onward rush of an ocean wave, but rather e mad dance. It had no white crest or shining surface; it was black and oily, like mud in waves, and came with tremendous velocity. Ahead of us, mid stream, was a little mound that had been part of the eastern shore, probably separated by such a flood, and thither we ran. On the island were a number of cottonwoods, and one giant that must have penetrated to some hidden spring, for its foliage was green and bright. ground about its roots had been washed away, leaving some of them exposed, while the bank we climbed was so spongy and yielding that a great mass of the sandy earth feil after us as we struggled up. The island was four or five feet higher than the creek bed, and we reached its shore just in time of the torrent, hissing over the dry, hot sand

Clem pulled me up into the big tree, and just as he did so a wave, all of ten feet high, leaped upon us. It reared straight up in the air, hurling timber, trees, dead cows, a pail from some rancher's door, a woman's hat and a chair. I thought, as these things whirled by, had any one else been surprised too, and would we go floating in ghastly gay ety down that black river? Close behind this wave came a second one, and the two chased each other in diabolical merriment. They churned up the sand, dug great black hollows between each other, and went tumbling along, followed by a foaming stretch of water, too swift for waves in its pell mell haste. As the water rose Clem dragged me further up the tree, both of us wet and shiv-

Around us as far as we could see was a wide world of dark waves, boiling, rolling, The day before the Fourth of July Mrs. hurrying on. There was a strange fascina the morrow. Clem said he would like to go ous sand would drag him down like a giant and would try to persuade me. I noticed armed octopus; yet there was such a swift and that they were in deep conversation, for | glee, such a whirling of air and shore, that one wanted to join the procession and hurry house. In the morning Clem had the horses along, too. The waves were full of rotter When he came in to breakfast I showing the cloud had come down son mountain side miles away; and with the tree were homely household utensils and furni I handed him his coffee, "be your old, sweet self. Why do you try to be so bitter and uncumbed. I had seen our wagon disappear of I had seen our wagon disappear on the crest of the first wave, but I was sure the horses were safe. Then I began to think of ourselves. The tree was swaying perilously

"Is it still rising?" I said to Clem, who are swered "Yes," quietly holding me tight all the while

"Don't let me go!" I cried pitconsly: " least let us die together." I became awar that he held me very close, and was brushin

"I wish I had my cont," he said tenderly "that poor little dress of yours is so thin How you tremble! Do I hold you too tight Is this the end of your martyrdom, I wonder Poor Molly, your married life has been one

"It would not have been if you had love: me," I cried, and then I told him all my troubles that I had hoarded up and gloated over as a miser does his gold. I told him of the saddle he promised, the many other little acts of neglect, of things that go to make up the sum of a woman's happiness; his indiffer ence to baby's sickness and my own woes. "

had no friend," I stammered; "no one to bid Clem, there are more tragedies in the homel every day than will ever be written in book or understood by men!"

and then I felt a sob rise in his breast.

saw his face droop, his mouth quive

crying—the great, strong man! I could no bear that, "Forgive me, I was wrong," said, "I fancied all this. You did not men But he only muttered, "Blind! blind! Still the food went ou; still the day waters encompassed us about, till I thought Verily, the floodgates of heaven are open Then, as the old tree rocked and writhed is the torrent, Clem told me simply and hon estly that he had not understood. He though little caresses that come natural to other men; he had no mother or sisters—dear quiet, old Clem—to teach him. But he wa bitterly serry, and he thought from my rav-ings after baby died that I hated him and blamed him for the child's death. It was good to hear him reproach himself and to have him kiss me in that passionate grid that I was indifferent to the flood or future. For a moment we were silent, and looking nto his dear face, I mercifully did not see the coming wave, but I heard the louechoing the far away thunder peal and com ing with the crash of a gale in a pine fores or the breaking of the surf on a rocky coast. There was one swift moment of agoniz

ectation when it washed over us, bending

he tree to its level, but it went on and th

tree did not follow. I remember Clem kissed me and said he thought the water was going down, but somehow I did not heed. I think I fainted. When I did begin to realize again the flood was quite low, gone as swiftly as it "I heard you were married, Clem," I heard her say, "I was talking to your wife." In the same I fancied there was a touch of ridicule in her tone. I sat and rocked the baby and livewed to their talk, in the other baby and livewed to their talk, in the other on, an old abandoned ranch, where existing the same of the sa

Now it is night. Tree surrounded, -Mirrored is naught in the pool but the image or

one faint star,
wrestling and grouning, the trees
Clasp their strong arms round each other calling for help from afar.

into the night,
Dashing the leaves from the branches,
Hurling the bat from his pathway, chasing the
owi in his flight.

from his lair comes a beast.

Down by the pool he has bent him.

Dances the star in its bosom, stirred by red from the feast. Cooled is his fever. Majestic.

by the fire. Clem came in with some wood and saw them. He stooped down on one things that are, "I was running away when I saw you," said, determined to keep no more secret from him. He looked up at me and said

"I-I was running away myself. I thought A MENAGERIE AT SEA.

you hated me—I sold the ranch to Mrs France—good business woman—mean, though -haggled a year about the price, \$5,000. was going to mail you the particulars, and she would pay you. One of those visitors of hers has offered mea place on his big cattle ranch in Texas; I was going there. You have had four years of misery—the money would pay you a little and you could go home-I would not trouble you any morewrote this in a letter." "It was carried off in my cost-probably

on its way down the Platte now-letter was hard to write-nearly broke my heart-told Olsen to look out for you-was going to send the team back, so you could get away all right—came down to Dry Creek canyon afraid I'd meet Mrs. France and her crowd. He spoke in quick, jerky sentences, looking at my treasures; he turned them over in his hands and looked up at me. "Fifteen dollars, the photograph of a man who ruined your life, and—and a dead baby's shoe. wonder if the pilgrim entered the gates paradise with so light a load?" "Clem," I cried, "it is beaven now if you

will love me and forgive me. He jumped up and took me in his arms. "Miserable cowards that we were, Molly. running away from each other, too silly an proud to tell each other the truth! Shall we egin all over again-let me win you once more and keep you pet?"

It did not seem like sober, indifferent Clem at all, this eager, passionate lover. It was very dear to me, too, I had starved for love

"And will you take me to Texas?" I said. "Of course," laughed. "We are just mar-ried, are we not? And no more ranches for me of my own. Somebody else can do the to be rich: we want to be happy.

While we stood there hand in hand, like two young lovers, we heard a loud rattling, and there came Olsen and Mrs. Bohm, driv ing at full speed across the prairie. Mrs. Bohm had come over to spend the day with me, and then Olsen knew I was gone some way. He borrowed her team and went to find me. He tracked my steps to the canyon and the double tracks across the mud to the ranch. Luckily he had missed the

"My wife is going to Texas with me." said Clem proudly. The dear fellow had suffered, knowing Olsen knew how unhappy we were. "That is good," said Olsen in his slow way, for Mrs. Bohm and me are agreed to ge married, and I could not go with you."

Later, Clem and Olsen rescued our wagon and hitched our horses ahead of Mrs. Bohm's team. We had quite a procession. Mrs. Bohm sat with Olsen in the front seat, and Clem sitting behind with me insisted on wrapping a blanket about me and holding it too. He had given me back my treasures ex-cept the little worn shoe. He kept that "to remind him," he said, but he would not say any more. Mea's feelings are buried desper than women's, and I have learned to know that only in times of great trouble and danger are the depths of Clem's nature roused into

The sunset flamed out red and golden be hind the foothills, the sky was glowing with glorious color, the cloud bursts of Dry Creek canyon and of our lives were over. and love laughed again in the sunlight .-Patience Stapleton in Woman.

Charles Dickens, Jr., Remarks, Charles Dickens says that he has noted on seculiar thing in this country. people," be recently remarked to an Amer can, "are surprisingly familiar with English history and literature, but I cannot say on the works of Washington Irving and Na thaniel Hawthorne, and when I came to America I naturally began to talk about I soon found that many people with whom I conversed actually needed an intro-

Gentleman (to telegraph messenger boy)-You're looking bad just now—been sick? Messenger-Oh, no; but I'm all run down

'Tired!" incredulously. "Yes, sir; just got back from a month's lay off."-Detroit Free Press.

WOMAN AND HOME.

HINTS AND HELPS OF VALUE TO MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Ventilation of the Sleeping Roomon the Linen Collar-An Invalid's Appetite-A Mother's Touch-Origin of Love-Paragraphs, Notes.

Ventilation is a splendid provision of nature for human good. The circulation of air is wisely adapted to enter any crevice. There is an ancient riddle, "Round the house, and round the house, peeks in every

This is the mission of the wind, and if we open the chamber window we shall be amply repaid by the fresh, exhibirating air that is waiting to replace the foul, stagnant breath of the gathering night watches. This every-body knows. But, please, don't carry bed-making past the sunset. Every one knows that the dew falls before old Sol has thought of retiring to his golden pillow. One hour and a half is quite sufficient for a thorough

airing of a sleeping room.

What a sorry sight is presented by a lot of promiscuous bed linen strewn about, robbing the room of its beauty, and sadly infringing on the laws of tidiness. A nicely made bed is an awful handy place to lay things on. It is high enough to be out of the reach of baby (all mothers do not have nurseries). To keep it unmade is a wild notion, and I hope that it will not gain prominence. Just think of it, "Not make a bed until it is required to sleep in!" What would become of all the pretty lace covers, shams, etc.! This plan so lately proposed has been tried by slack domestics for a long time. They seldom make their own until bedtime unless strictly ordered to do so. I speak advisedly, having been annoved by such delinquency, as, I think, any

tidy housewife would be In this day of the family boarding crase. and the back aching brice-brac nonsense, please do not fill our daughters' and housearrange every room in its prettiest order. We need the exercise, besides the freedom it

secures us from a spirit of procrestination.

A nice breeze invited through open windows in the morning hour, secures all the

Lost winds among them are wandering, Chiding, bewailing, entresting; then rushing

all have sunk into silence! Hark, how the dry twigs are crackling; forth

Stalks he away thro' the gloom. Silent yet For it is night. Tree surrounded, Mirrored is naught in the pool but the image of

-Noel Denis in Overland Monthly,

I was one of the crew of the African coasting brig Autelope, and on one voyage from Masimba to Cape Town we put in at Qualimane for water, some of our casks having been stove. We had scarcely made fast at a wharf when a German came abourd to offer us some queer freight. He was an agent of a great wild animal firm at Ham burg, and had just come down to the coast with a rare lot. There was a black two horned rhinoceros, or borele, three lions, two panthers and three monstrous serpents. He had expected to find the firm's ship at this port, but through some misunderstanding she had not shown up. He wanted to get the animals to Cape Town as soon as possible, and was willing to give us a good price to take them. We were check full below

batches, and the idea of taking the enges on

deck was far from pleesant.

The agent was a persistent fellow and a good talker, and before we had our water in the captain had decided on taking the A couple of natives were to go alon o care for them, and there would be no er ense to the brig. We looked over the cages and found them apparently strong and secure, and when the work of loading began we had very little trouble. The rhinteeros was transferred to a pen of wood and iron, which gave him very little room to spare, and he behaved himself like a gentleman while we were getting him aboard, indeed the whole collection seemed to be under a spell. The lions acted like frightened door and the panthers never uttered a snarl, while the big serpents seemed to sleep through it all. We made our offing about sunset, and darkness had no sooner settled down and the brig got her motion in the seas than we found ourselves treated to a concert which made every man's bair stand on end. It may be that the animals were seasick, or that the motion of the ship frightened them, They broke out with howls and roars and yelps and screams, and nothing would quiet

The rhinoceros didn't propose to stand neutral in that affair, and he uttered such snorts and "woofs," and made such efforts to break out of his pen that some of the men were ready to make for the crosstress. It came on a darkish night, with the wind blowing in gusts, and not a man aboard that brig closed his eyes in sleep. When the lions were not roaring the panthers were screaming, and utter a loud "woof!" and made an attack on his pen. It did no good to throw feed to the brutes; hunger had nothing to do with their conduct. Each one had been captured singly, and each was full grown and dangerous. The near presence of men, the sight of each other and the rough motion of the brig conspired to thoroughly excite each and every one. The serpents were wide awake and veand the rhinoceros was mad clear through. A more dangerous and vindictive creature than the black rhinoceros cannot be found on earth. He is afraid of nothing under the sun He is boiling over with the sulks twenty-three out of the twenty-four bours each day whether he charges an elephant or a lion. The first thing which comes in sight sets him off on a mad charge, and he will never cool down while there is a show to wreak ven-

The fellow we had on deck was a piece of liness weighing from 1,200 to 1,400 pounds. He had been caught in a pit, and there had been no end of trouble to get him down to the coast. While he was in close quarters and had little show to smash things, it was evident from his actions that he would do the best he could. He kept raking his great horn back and forth across the bars of his pen, and whenever any one went near him he exhibited

his anger in a dozen ways. The night wore away at last, and when daylight came the beasts ceased their racket, They were less noisy on the second night, and on the third we had no trouble at all. On the fourth morning after leaving Quillimane, having had a good breeze all the time, we were to the south of the lower end of Madagascar, and well into the Indian ocean. See after breakfast the breeze died away, and by 9 o'clock we were in a dead calm, and it was bot enough on deck to start the pitch in the seams. Every sign indicated that we lost the wind for some hours. The surface of the ocean was like glass, with only a ground swell running, and we had scarcely steerage way when we were surrounded by sharks. I believe that fully 100 of the monsters came prowling about us, and as we had little or nothing to do the captain readily granted us permission to bait them. We threw over the shark book, baited with a the water when a fifteen foot shark ran away with it. We tailed on to the line and hauled him alongside in order to get a mosse over his head to lift on, and we were about ready

to heave and haul when there was a great

The captain and first matewere below, and the second mate, who had the watch on deck, was bossing the job of hanling in our cap-tive. We were all aft on the port quarter, and for a few minutes the animals had been left to themselves. The came of the smash was the rhinoceros breaking out of his penhis whole weight on one side, and by and by, as the trig lifted and then went down heav-ily in the next hollow, the great jar, added his dead weight, broke the fast the bars. As we turned he was just emerg-ing from the peu, and at the same moment the lions and panthers began to roar and scream. They knew the ugly nature of the beast, and they probably suspected what was coming. The natives rushed forward, shout-ing and gesturing, and hoping to drive the orele back, but he was not to be infimidated. His eyes began to snap and his tail to switch, and all of a sudden he lowered his head and charged at us. Being a small craft, the between the cabin roof and the bulwarks was not wide enough to admit of the body of the borsle, but he made several determined attempts to come at us before he turned away.
You would have thought the rise and fall

of the brig would have thrown him down, or at least made him careful how he moved about, but he never minded ft, and his logs were as firm under him as an old sailor's. We were after ropes to lasso him when he drew back, wheeled around, and charged forward. The first thing he came to was the cage containing the serpents. It has a compartment for each. He struck it on end, gave it a toes in the air, and as it came down the three big snakes, histing likegome, glided in different directions. One run under the rages containing the panthers, a second out

others ran up the minimust shrotids: 1 was one of the latter, there being four of us, and when about half way to the crosstrees we paused to watch the further actions of the rhinoceros. The lions and panthers were raising an awful racket, and the confusion was deafening. The big beast cleared his horn of a portion of the cage hanging to it, and then struck that containing the panthers. The beasts were liberated in a mo ment, and as they ran about the deck the lions roared and raved until we had to stop our ears. One of the panthers ran aft and leaped into the yawl boat at the davits and crouched under the thwart, and the other hid under the bedding we had brought up to air and spread at the heel of the bowsprit.

The borele was new thoroughly enraged, and, without deigning a glance at the panthers, he smashed into the pen of lions and made kindlings of it. The largest of the three lions sprang on the borele's back as he came out of the peu, and perhaps his sharp claws inflicted some damage. He had no sooner leaped to the deck than the big beast chased him aft to the cabin, but had to stop here. One of the other lions disappeared down the forecastle, while the third crouched down by the water butt and kept up a fearful growling. No ship's crew ever found themselves in a stranger situation. It was pretty hard to say what should be done, and from the captain. During this time the borele drove the other lion aft, smashed the water butt, drove the panther out from unthird lion, and then destroyed our bedding and everything else which would yield to his terrible horns. Just before the captain called out to us one of our men pulled himself across to the foremast by the triangle waiting until the borele was headed aft, he dropped to the deck and slid the cover over the forecastle companion. That act imprisoned a lion, a panther and one of the serpents, and was a display of judgment and serve which the captain well rewarded.

The men shut up in the cabin finally halled us to know the situation. The other two lions were croughed down at the wheel, and ing it. The three beasts kept up a low growling and snarling, and would have picked a fight but for the presence of a common enemy. It was the rhinoceros which must be taken care of first. By order of the captain another man crossed to the foremast, and then the two descended the shrouds and shouted and gestured defiance at the borele until he was brought to the bows. Ther three men, armed with guns and revolvers, slipped out of the cubin and into the shrough of the mainmast, and it began to look as if we had the advantage. While we were try-ing to draw the Torcle aft again, that they might make a target of him, one of the lions leaped into the yawl, while the other ran for the bows of the brig. The one had scarcely entered the yawl when the panther tackled him, and for a minute the two bounded over the thwarts and tumbled about in the fiercest confusion. The yawl rocked about as if it would upset, and the screams and roars of the beasts were some thing awful. Glancing for an instant from the combatants to the water below, I say the sharks gathering astern of us almost as thick as they could pack. Could one of us reach the tackle and lower away, we ald be rid of two more of our en The man below me on the shrouds moved down a little, thinking to carry out the idea, but just then the fighting beasts reared up the thwart amidships, seized each oth with a fresh grip, and as they togged and out, and the sharks snapped them up in a

The fight drew the attention of the rhisoceros. On his way aft he came across the lion, who was skulking under the bulwarks, and drove him back to his former position at the wheel. As I told you before, the big beast could not crowd in between the cabin roof and the bulwarks, but now, seeming to be madder than ever, he saw a new route before him. The roof of the cabin was about two feet above the deck, with a heavy glass skylight in the center. After a few terrific cabin roof. He got his full weight upon it, crash, and be rolled sideways into the narrow passage and was stuck fast, feet in the sir, and the maddest rhinocoros on earth. While he was struggling there the men began firing he bounded over the cabin and ran forward out of sight. I think he attempted to go out on the bowsprit and was attacked by the serpent. We heard something of struggle, followed by a heavy splash in the water, and that was the last known of either. All of us now clambered down to attack the rhinoceros. He was helpless defend himself, and we used axes and bullets to rid him of life. Indeed, we chopped liin in pieces in order to handle the body and get

There were now a lion, a panther, and a erpent in the forecastle, and we proposed to let 'em fight it out. It was long after dinner vet washed out the blood when a breeze sprang up, and we held our course. me an hour sooner we should have been in sails. Such bedding as could be spared from the cabin was passed up, and it was arranged for us to sleep on deck during the rest of the oyage. Not a sound had been heard from the forecastle during the day, but just be could hear the hiss of the serpent, the screams of the panther, and the growls of the lion, and the row continued for a quarer of an hour. Then it died away, nothing further disturbed as during the night. After breakfast next morning we armed ourselves with cutiones and capstan bars, and stood about the hatch while the cover was slid back. There was an awful smell, but nothing moved. After a while one of the men descended the hidder part way, and it was presently discovered that all our enemies were dead. There had been a triangular fight between 'em, and it had con tinued until all were destroyed. The two easts were bitten and scratched in the mo errible manner, and the serpent had been bitten through and through a dozen times. It took us a whole day to get rid of the stench and clean up, and our captain would not have taken another cage aboard the brig for its weight in gold .- New York Sun

A Running Water, Neb., debuting society, after three hours' discussion of the question "Resolved, Thus buzzards are more benefit cial than lawyers?" decided in the affirma-

Chloreforming While Asless

We had occasion in a recent number of science to refer to the possibility of chloro ing them. In confirmation of the statement ich was then made, that under favorable circumstances this could be accumplished, we quote a case which occurred in the New leans Charity hospital and is reported in The New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal. A child 6 years of ago was suffering from pleurisy, and it became necessary to draw of the fluid effusion which had accumulated it as chest. He was very much afraid of the operation, and it was determined to attempt it while he was asleep. On the following day while sound asleep, chloroform was adminis beed without awalting the child, and twenty our ounces of fluid were withdrawn. The child continued to skep throughout the night, and when it awoke the following morning knew nothing of the operation, -Science,

Among the superstations people of England is a widespread belief that a white pigeon is the herald of death. Thus, a white pigeon a lighting upon the chimney betchess the ap-proach of death to some occupant of the inter into the composition of their bods.-

POVERTY OF PARIS.

SOMBER SIDE OF LIFE IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL

A Census of the Existent Indigency-One Hundred and Forty Thousand People Envolled for Public Charity-List of Paupers of Foreign Birth.

Who has not in his mind's eye linked the name Paris with gayety and pleasure? Who the cares of earth are cast aside, where mis ery and misfortune are unknown, where mis-human enjoyment has reached its climax, and where fountains of pure silver bave an uncoming flow! The casual tourist finds no contradiction in this rescate ideal, for Paris in itself is a world whose varie-gated social strata present separate studies which could be profitably pursued for a life-time. The French have the happy faculty of presenting the bright side of everything, while their proverbial good manners add as additional luster which is well calculated to

satisfy the ordinary mind. But Paris without riches and poverty, vice and virtue, happiness and misery, would, in-deed, be a strange anomaly of human asso-ciation. It is true we get a gleam of certain phases of Parisian life from the "Confession of Claud," "L'Assomoir" or "Camille," yet it is hard to believe that such a degree of depravity has a secure footing in the French capital. The facts have not been overdrawn, owever, the only dispute being the exter to which vice has obtained.

THE CENSUS OF INDIGENCY.

As to the existent indigency more rational data can be obtained. Every three years cansus is taken of the population enrolled at the beneficence offices of the twenty districts into which Paris is divided. The object of the census is twofold. First, by it are obtained the names of all persons who are en-titled to public aid; second, a close study is music of their true situation with a view to

rendering as many as possible self sustaining. According to the previous register there were enrolled for public charity 51,881 heads of families, representing 140,585 persons. The board of visitors have eliminated 4,000 heads of families, representing 17,000, leaving regis-tered at present 47,637 heads of families or 133,324 persons. Comparing this result with that of 1880 we find the number of beads of families has increased by 812, while the in-dividuals comprised have diminished by 411. Each dependent demestic group is therefore relatively less numerous, while the individual applicants have sensibly increased. In 1880 Paris had 1,225,606 inhabitants and 123,735 indigents, or 6.23 per cent. To-day the population is 2,209,000, of which 5.43 per cent. are

dependent on public charity.

In all the districts the number of assisted women is far greater than that of the men For every 24 males carolled there are 41 females. This is easily explained on the grounds that the labor of women is less remerative, and they have less repugnance in recurring to the public charities

PAUPERS OF POREIGN BIRTIL The native Parisians are by no means the majority of those whose names are on the dependent rolls. For every 1,000, Puris and its Department of the Seine furnishes 227; the provinces, 706; foreign, 67. Taking 1,000 names of those of foreign birth, the Gern lead with 407; Belgians, 856; Dutch, 179; Italians, 52; English, 10; Spaniards, 3; Americans and Turks, 0. It will be observed that Germany furnishes by far the larger number of Parisian paupers of foreign birth. This is explained by the fact that the Gerand in search of the "daily bread" has

In general the German emigrant is a model of industry, economy and of irreproachable ustoms, and putting in practice the French ns, there are only senselum people undertaken almost every department of labor and trade. The Frenchman who enjoys in his own country an easily won livelihood and an excellent climate seldom crosses the frontier, while the German, whose condi-

tions are less favorable, is found widely scattered. The lodgment of the army of paupers in Paris forms an interesting study. More than a fourth part live almost gratuitously, con-Sixty-one per cent, of these holes or hovels have only one bed; the rest have two, three, four and even five apartments. The inhabitants of these rooms belong to all professions, comprising thousands of the fruits sees of art in all its manifestations and forms -San

Francisco Chroniele.

Love Songs in Afghanistan. Love songs are plentiful with the Afghans, though wisther they are acquainted with love is rather doubtful. Woman with the Afghans is a purchasable commodity. She is not wood and won with her own consent: she is bought from her father. The average price of a young and good looking girl is from sout 300 to 500 rupess. To reform the ideas of an Afghan upon that matter would be a desperate tack. When Said Ahmed, the be a desperate tack. When Said Ahmed, the great Wahab leader, the prophet, leader and ish the marriage by sale his power full at outlaw. There is unsong in the world so sad and dismal as that which is sung to the bride by her friends. Thes come to congrutulate-

they go to her, sitting in a corner, and sing You remain sitting in a corner and ery forus.

What can we do for you? Your father has received the money. All of love that the Afghan knows is jealoury. All crimes are said to have their cause in one of the three r's -mar, samin or sonmoney, earth or women. The third z is, in fact, the most frequent of the three cames. Contemporary Review.

Last of the Pequats.

A reporter met on the streets of Birmingham, Conn., a short time ago, a man who was solling clams from a wagen. An inter-view with him developed the fact that he claims to be the last of the noble tribe of ment, occupied the country about where Litchfield now stands. The man's name is Truman Bradley. He is not full blooded, but claims to be two-thirds Indian. His ap-pearance substantiates his claim. He stands over eix feet tull, is straight, broad shoulover all two banks to a coppery has. His eyes are black and deep set. His cheek bones are prominent, his jaws strong and powerful, his forehead low and broad, his hair gray, and he has no beard. In conver sation with him the reporter learned that he claims to be the sole heir of the Pequots, and there is \$7,000 beld in trust for them, which is now in the hands of a trustee appointed by the judge of the superior court of Litchfield county. He will apply to the next legisla-ture for the \$7,000, submitting his proofs for the impection of the committee having the

matter in charge. - New York Evening Sun. A Roman camp fortified by earthwerks has just blen discovered near Cornowitz, the capital of Enkovina.

A trick of the dock thugs which is liable to maconed with the shrewdest of travelers is practiced in broad day. As he passes the tool attractive approaches to most come steamer wharves, a ragged and vicious looking young-ster runs up behind him, whips off his hat and is away with it in a july. The most naural thing in the world is to turn and run after him. He leads his victim a smart chase into a weed yard or rough corner, from whom recesses in an instant the gang is out to knock the stranger down, rob him and, perhaps, too him over the edge of the wharf,